

HOUSE OF EDUCATION.

STUDENTS'
NATURE NOTE BOOK.

cme 175
plcmcl 75

May. Openshaw.
Scale Horn

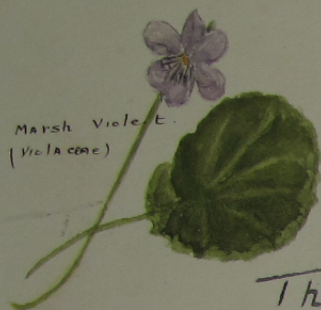
1912
Lake. Mrs May
Hampson.

Requered by. Kathleen Dobson
of Lake Lodge Rd Lake - Ambleside
To Charlotte Mason College. January 1987.

p2cmcl75



p3cmc 175

Marsh Violet.
(Violaceae)PRIMROSE
(Primulaceae)

The Spring

The Spring is coming round - the buds have burst
 And on the coppice-path, and in the tower,
 The leaping spray of sunlight leaf-miwrought
 Sports to the gentle tidding of the breeze:
 The full-blown primroses, and playfully
 The tender drooping wood-anemones
 Toss to the breeze in turn their silver bells

Dean Alford.

PRIMROSE
(Primulaceae)Dog Violet
(Violaceae)

p4cmc 175

Wild Cherry.
4. 19. 12.

Blow, winds & waft through
 all the rooms.
 The snowflakes of the cherry-blossoms
 Blow, winds! and bend within my reach
 The fiery blossoms of the beech.
 O heart of man! canst thou not be
 Blithe as the air is, and as free?
 Longfellow.

ANEMONE
(RANUNCULACEAE)

p5cmcl75



There grew pied wind flowers
 & violets; NORWEGIAN MAPLE
 (SAPINDACEAE)
 4. 25. 12.

Daisies, those pearly Arcturi of the earth —
 The constellated flower that never sets;
 Faint Oxlips; tender bluebells, at whose birth
 The sod scarce leaved; & that tall flower that wets
 Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,
 When the low wind, its play mate's voice
 it hears.

Shelley.



Blue bell.
 (Liliaceae)

p6cmcl75



Marsh Marigold.
 (Ranunculaceae)
 4. 30. 12.



Tuberous PEA.
 (ROSACEAE)
 4. 30. 12.



Lady's Smock.
 (Leguminosae)



May 7th

Today I went a nature walk, up
near Sweden Bridge, and on to the
Thistley woods. Here I found the
whole ground covered with bluebells.
Among them I found several white
ones.

May 9th.

Today several of us made up a party,
and went to Troutbeck, over Jenkins
Cragway. We found many flowers.
Several of them I had not seen before,
among others were, Yellow Pimpernel
The Water Valerian, & Meadow Vetch.

Near the farm, we heard the cuckoo.
I wished very much to see it, but did
not succeed. Then I saw a Pewee,
and Curlew. When we walked up
by a stream, & were getting over a
wall, & we saw a Water Ouzel.

Cotton
Grass.

Oh I know an ancient orchard
Where the trees are all in bloom;
You will find it if you follow
Bee & butterfly and Swallow
And the wafts of rich perfume.

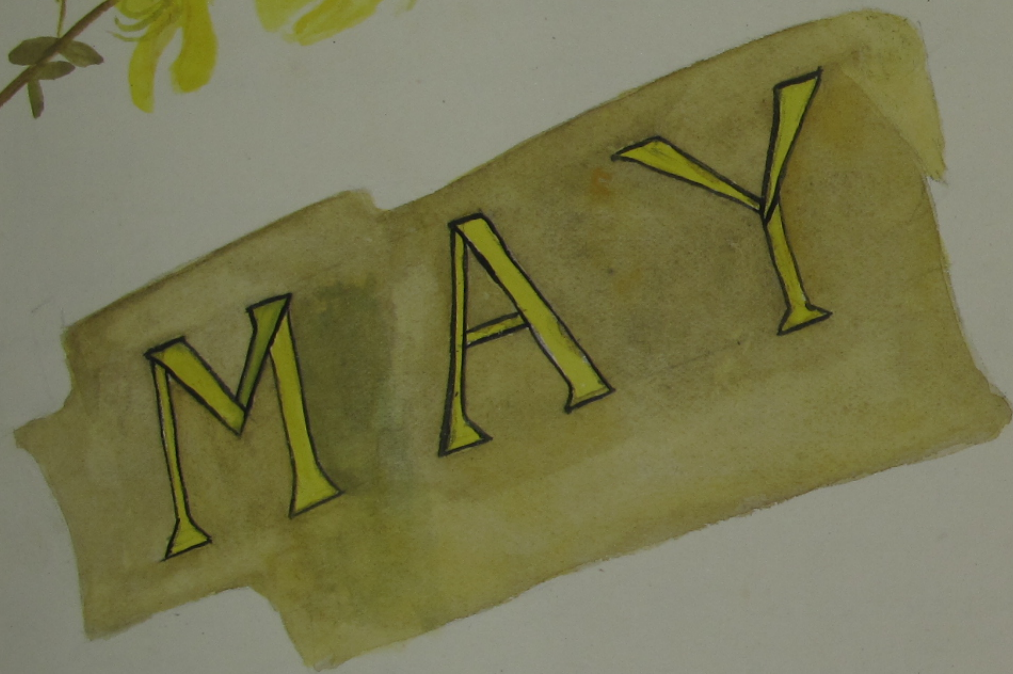
There the robin builds his dwelling
On a pink and dewy spray;
When the wicket clicks behind you
Care & pain can never find you,
For the world is shut away.

Overhead the apple blossoms
Spread a tent of rosy snow,
Marking off the golden minutes
For the thrushes and the linnets
With the flakes that fall below.

p9cmc/75



Broom.
(LEGUMINOSAE)



p10cmc/75.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger
Comes dancing from the East, & leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green laps throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

Hail bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, & youth, & warm desire;

Woods & groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth toast thy blessing.

Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, & wish thee long.

Milton.

p11 cmc175

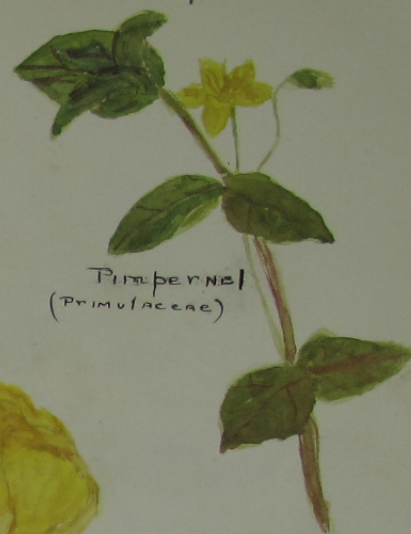
Bright and glorious is that revelation
Written all over this great world of ours;
Making evident our own creation,
In these stars of earth,—these golden
flowers,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

Longfellow.

p12cmc 175



Lady's Fingers
(LEGUMINOSAE)



Pimpernel
(Primulaceae)



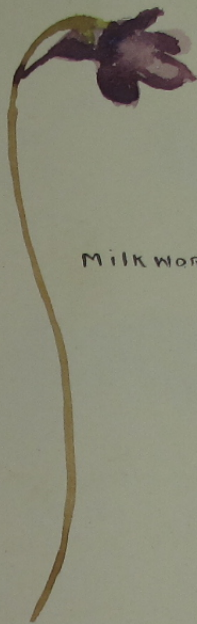
Globe Flower
(RANUNCULACEAE)

FORMENTIL
(ROSACEAE)



cow-wheat
(Scrophulariaceae)

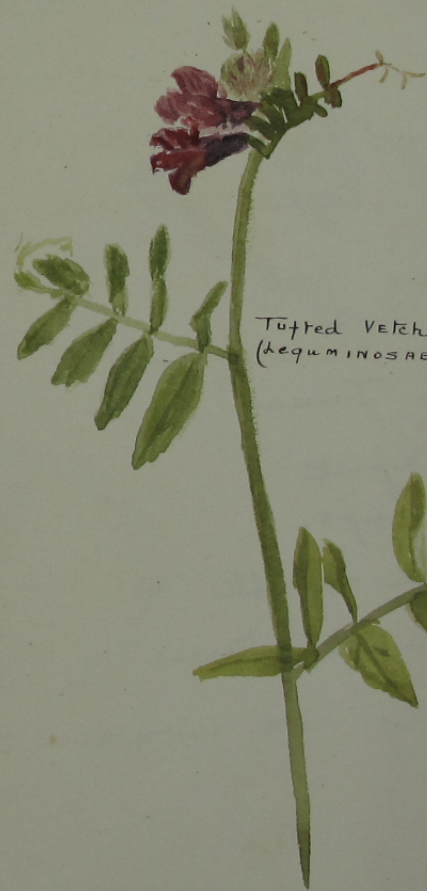
Of every month in the year,
So mirthful May there is no peer
His glistering flowers are so gay;
You loaves all make merie cheir,
Throuch gladness of this
lusty May.



MILKWORT.

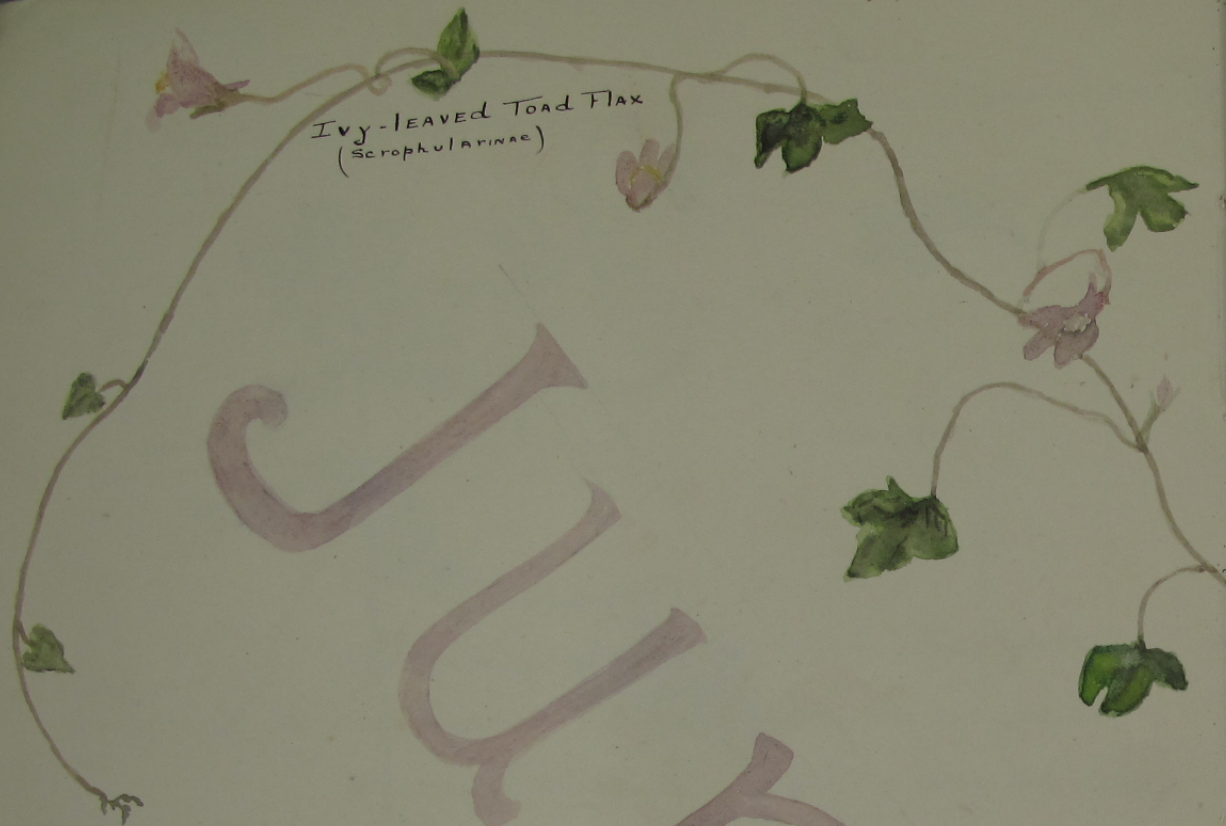


Yellow Rattle.
(Scrophulariaceae)



Tufted Vetch.
(Leguminosae)

p15 cmc175



Ivy-leaved Toad Flax
(Scrophulariaceae)

And what is so rare
as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect
days;
Then Heaven tries the earth
if it be in tune,
and over it softly her warm ear lays.

p16 cmc175



ELM MAGPIE
Butterfly



WHITE WAVE



MOUNTAIN HEATH
Butterfly



ORANGE TIP
(MALE)



PEARL Edged
Fritillary



Blue Butterfly
(under)



Blue Butterfly

June 12th

We went a walk with Mr. Thoruley. The day was beautiful, just the kind to be out with nature, & her wonderful doings.

We went to Sweden Bridge, but before we had moved many steps, many butterflies & moths flew past us. These may be distinguished, butterflies have knob-like antennae, while the moths are feathered.

The first ~~Butterfly~~^{moth} we came across was the Blue Magpie moth, this having brown coloured marks on white, & the white Dove moth, this was a pure white, & had black lines across.

We were searching under a stone when we found a nest of the Solitary wasp, & near a crack in it, this was made of mud; in it the wasp stores up green caterpillars, which it eats gradually, about one in a week. Often more than one wasp

is found to dwell in a nest.

As last year they found some Bristle-tails near Sweden Bridge, we hunted for them under some slates in a quarry. While we did this, some of us found a brown lizard, which they caught & brought home, for some to paint.

We passed a mound of grass, upon which were many beetles called "Bracken clocks"; they were a beautiful colour, they had brown & red wings and blue heads: we heard a chaffinch singing sweetly.

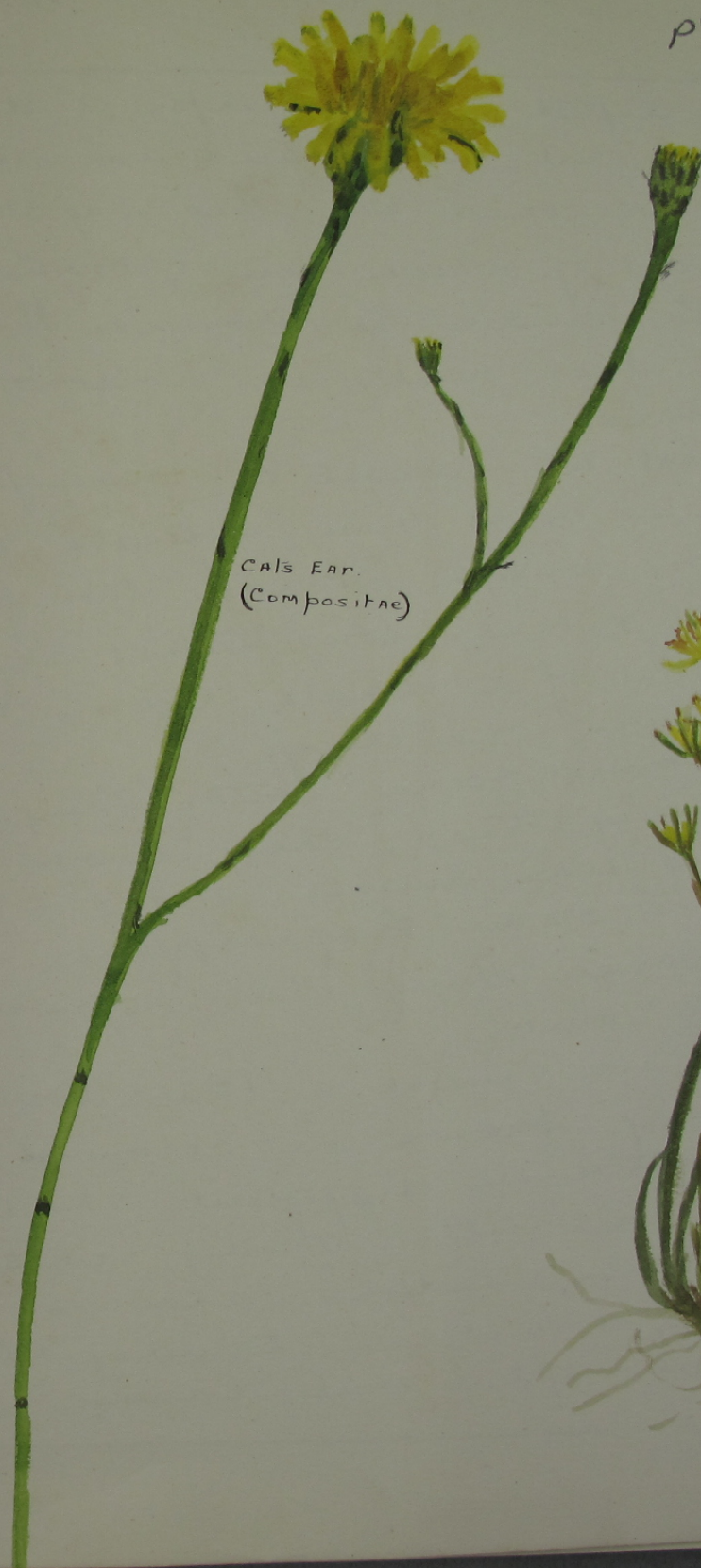
Then we went to a Hazel tree, under which we put an umbrella, & knocked down the insects into it. We saw thus, many "winter"^{moth} caterpillars; & "stick caterpillars", which looked just like small pieces of stick; & "scorpion flies".

We moved on a short distance, & saw a "mottled lumber"^{moth} butterfly, after which we ran: & caught.

p19cmcl75



p20cmcl75



Cal's Ear.
(Compositae)



Bog. Asphodel.
(Liliaceae)



We lifted a stone up, and under that, we found an ant's nest, we could see this by small holes, out of which ran crowd's of ants. Under the ground they make their nest, in hollow chambers.

Next we caught a may-fly which is very thin, delicate, with shadowy wings. It had two long feelers, & very long tails: it comes out of a small larva, & only lives one day.

We found some "Cotton Bugs" on many trees, they look exactly like small balls of cotton: & some Frog-Hoppers, small green things that hop from point to point.

Then we caught a "Pearl bordered Libellula", brown in colour, but spotted in different shades. a beautiful little thing, with round pearl edges: also a Bibio fly, & a green Daddy. After this we caught a male "Orange

Tipped" butterfly; this was very pretty, it was white, & wings were tipped with orange.

Mr. Thornley caught a "large Daddy", which has six legs, & because of its frailty ^{legs} he put it in a bottle.

Then we captured a ~~small~~ "Little Copper", & "Small Heath" butterflies. The former was very bright gilly orange colour. The latter was a yellowy, with black eye things, one on each wing. When we were looking at these, we found a frog, at our feet hopping about.

Mr. Thornley picked up a large "Carrion" beetle which we brought home.

When we arrived on "Sweden Bridge", we saw many "gad(?) flies", flying above the water. Here we saw many larvae of "stone flies", which had been left, on the flies coming out, we could see this, from the backs.



MEADOW VETCH.
(LEGUMINOSAE)

We sat down near the water, & all of a sudden saw the nymph of a dragon fly crawling up a shoe of one of us. We caught him, & could see the colour beginning to shew, of the dragon fly. We brought him home in a large box, hoping to see him come out, but we left him in the garden, in the sun, & disappeared.

On our returning home, we found a carpet moth on a wall; & a very large "Dragon fly" which we tried in vain to catch. We also found a "fresh water shrimp" in a stream.

Two of us waited behind, & gathered some "Mountain primroses" growing profusely, & we heard two Redstarts calling to each other, & I saw one of them on a tree; its breast was a lovely red.

P25cmcl75

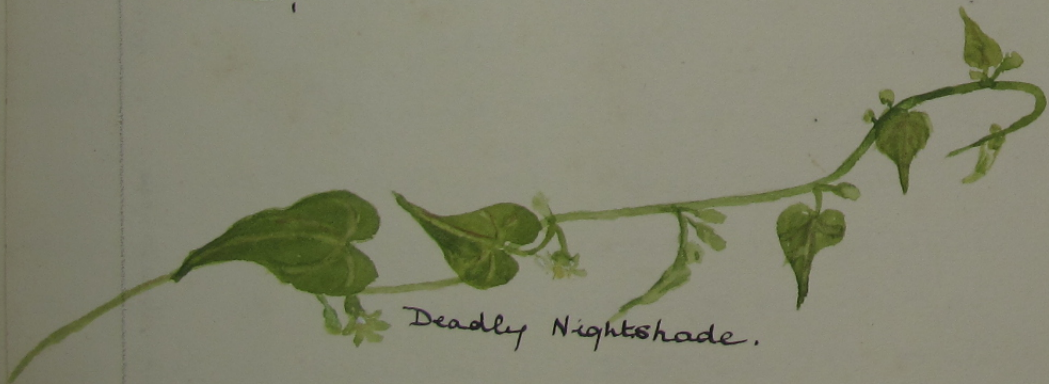
June 17th

Today I went a nature walk. We intended sketching for grasses, & contrasting one with another.

We went to "Stony lane", & found many grasses. Rye grass grew muchly, it ~~had~~ grew alternately up the stem, & was flat.

We found smooth & rough Meadow grass. Fescue grass was very fine, and one can pass one's hand up the back, as no flowers grew that side.

Then we looked over into a hay field, where we saw many flowers, some of which I had not seen before: eyebright, yellow-rattle,



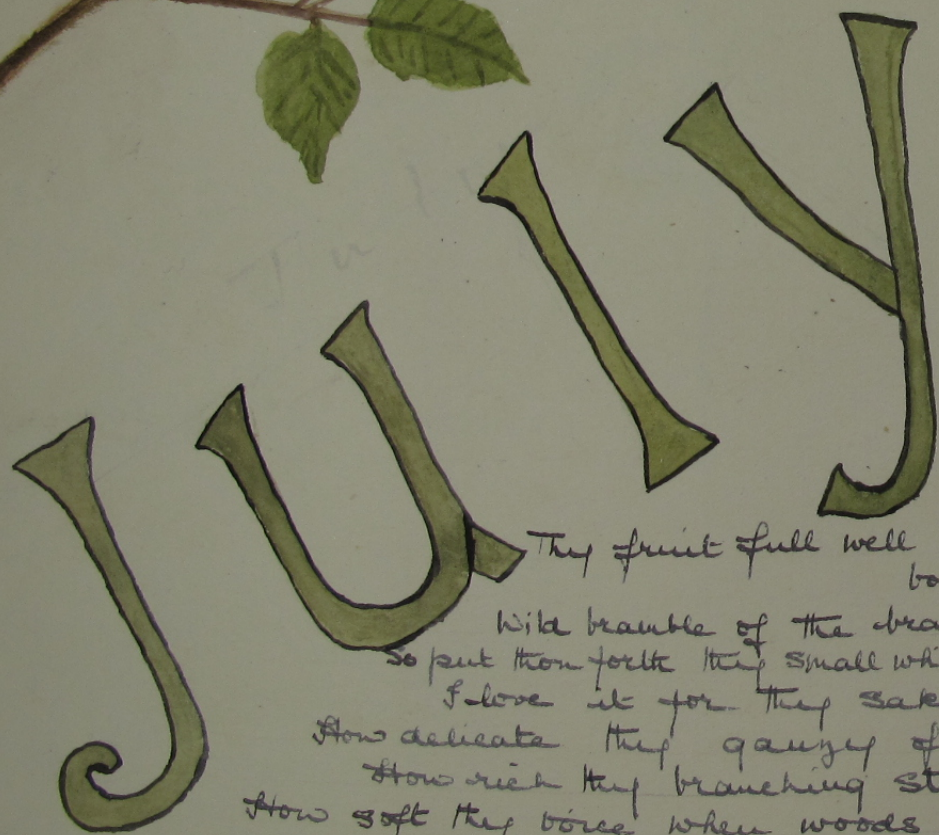
Deadly Nightshade.

P26cmcl75

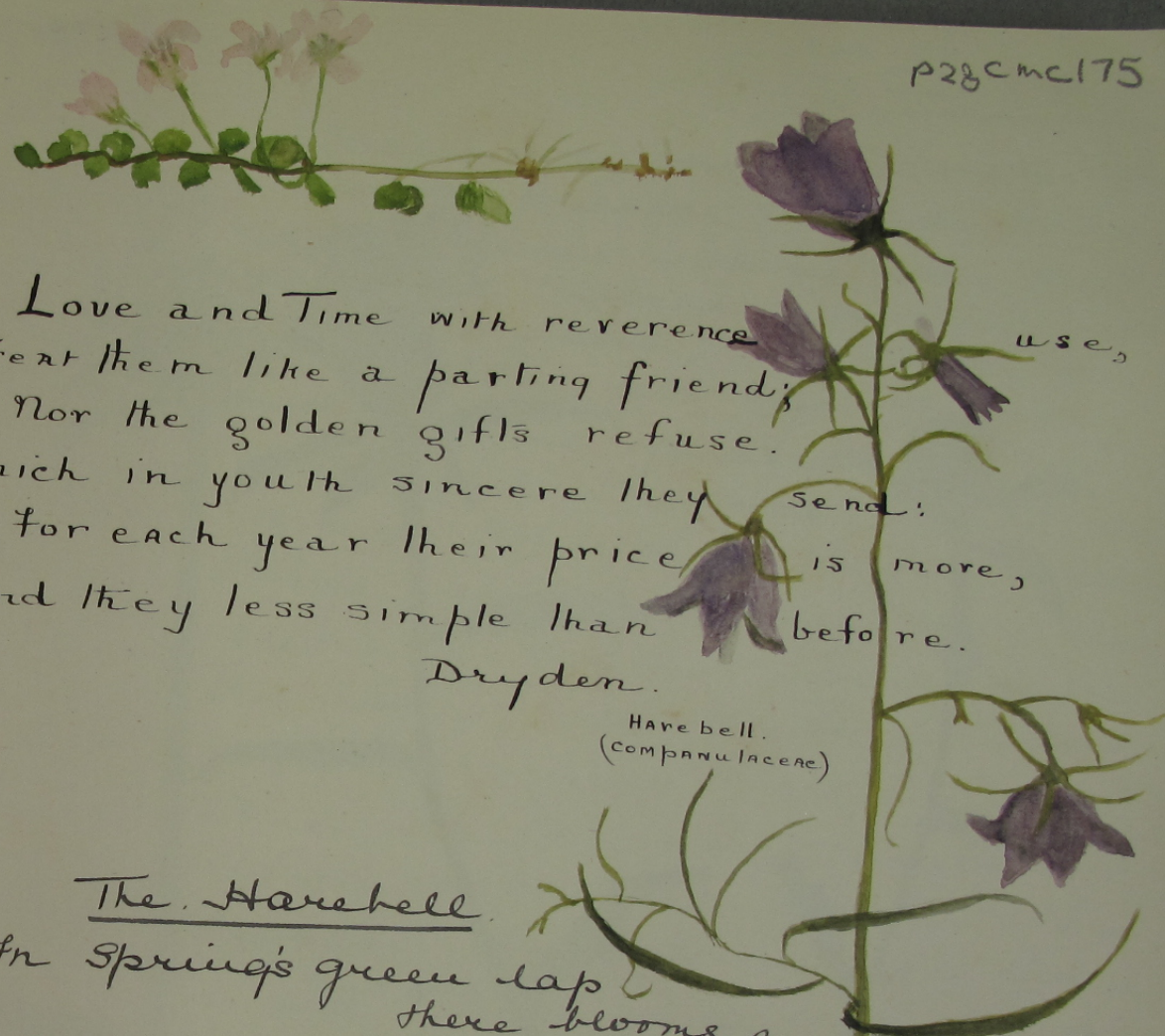




Blackberry



Thy fruit full well the school-
 boy knows,
 Wild bramble of the brake;
 So put thou forth thy small white rose
 I love it for thy sake.
 How delicate thy gauzy frill,
 How rich thy branching stem!
 How soft thy voice when woods are still
 And thou sing'st songs to them.



Harebell.
(Campanulaceae)

The Harebell

In Spring's green lap
 there blooms a flower
 whose cup imbibes each vernal shower
 That sips fresh nature's balmy dew.
 Clad in her sweetest purest blue;
 yet shuns the muddy eye of morning,
 The shaggy woods
 brown adorning



Knap Weed.

July 10th

Today, we went a walk; first went passed through some hay fields, where we saw much Burnet growing among the grasses. It looks so pretty, all red & green.

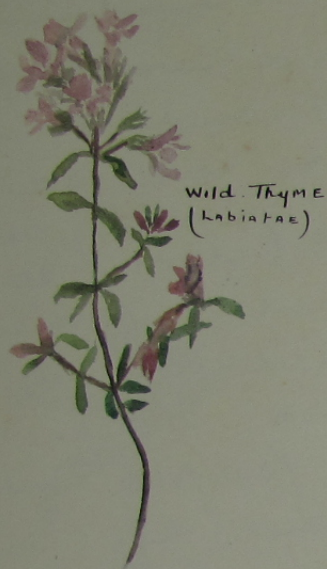
Then we passed on to the Waterhead Marshes, where we found yellow & purple loose-strife, which I had not seen before. As we went near the lake, we saw a Sand-piper chirping & crying on a stone; at this we climbed the hedge, & hunted round. In

Wood. ~~Burnet~~
(Labrador)

a short time we found a nest, quite flat on the top of the hedge, with three dear little birds in it. They look like little fluffy balls.

The mother bird seemed very frightened, shrieking, so we hid thinking she would then return to her babies, but we were mistaken, she did not do so until we had gone back again.

P31 cmc175



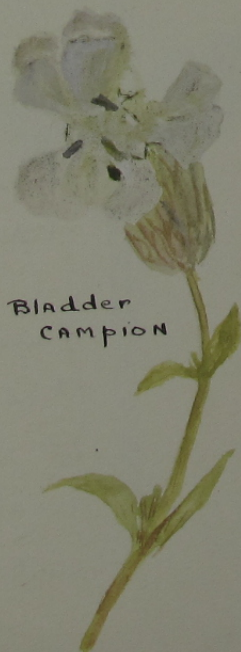
Wild Thyme
(Labiatae)



Herb
Robert



Scarlet
Pimpernel



Bladder
Campion

P32 cmc175



Hawkweed



Blue
Pimpernel

P33 CMC 175



August

Rejoice! ye fields, rejoice! and
wave with gold
When August round her precious
gifts is flinging

P34 CMC 175



Lady's
Tresses



Convolvulus



Eye bright

Shells.

I gathered shells upon the sand,
 Each shell a little perfect thing,
 So frail, yet potent to withstand
 The mountain waves' wild buffeting.
 Though storms no ship could dare
 to brave,
 The little shells float lightly, save
 all that they might have lost of fine
 shape and soft colour crystalline.

The Summer's Call.

Come away! the sunny hours
 woo thee far to founts &
 bowers

O'er the very waters now
 In their play

Flowers are shedding beauty's
 glow
 Come away!

Where the lily's tender
 gleam

Quivers on the dancing
 stream

Come away!

All the air is filled with sound
 Soft & sultry & profound;
 murmurs through the showery
 grass
 Lightly stray.

Faint winds whisper as they
 pass

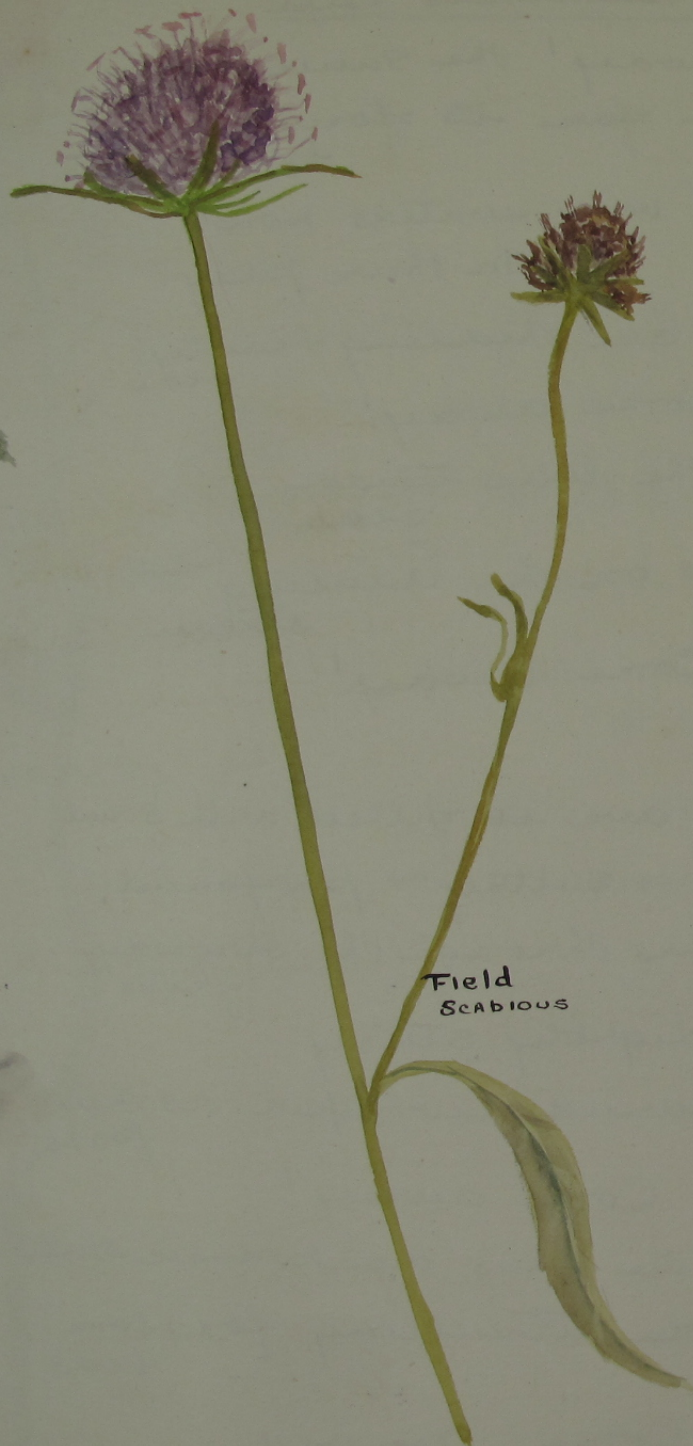
Come away!

Where the bee's deep music swells
 From the trembling fonglove
 bells

Come away.



p37cmc175



p38cmc175

October 2nd

Today, we went a walk, in order to see if we could find several of the flowers which we had missed seeing in the holidays.

It was a very hazy day, a mist hung all over the country.

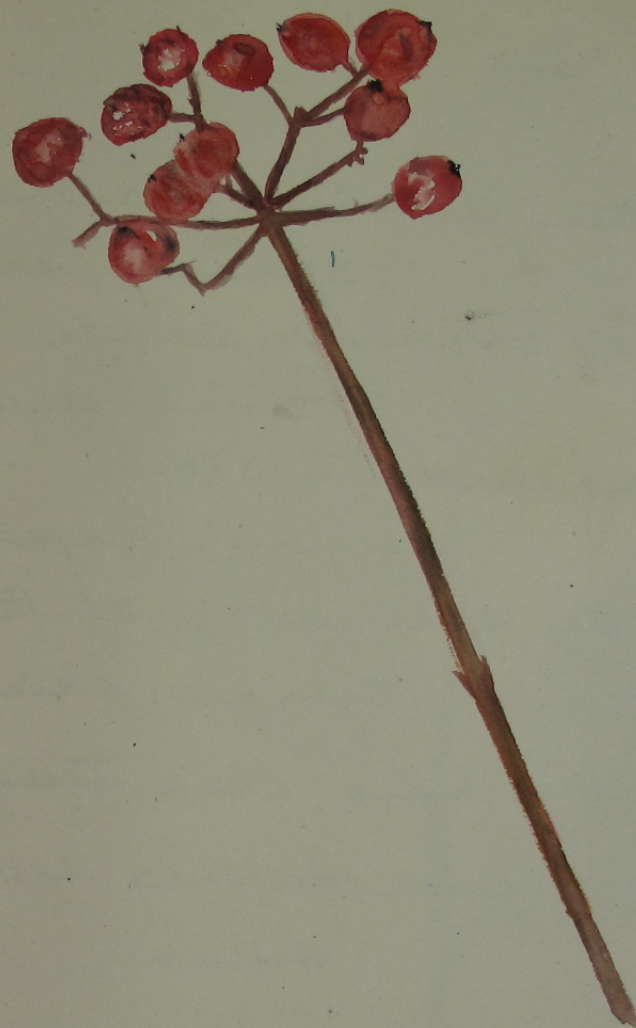
Fairfield Basin looked beautiful in the haze, with the bracken over the hills, also the trees which were red with their autumn tint.

On Longbridge in the marsh we found the Grass of Parnassus, still out, the Cotton grass, & Spearwort. We were surprised to find also a Milkwort - raising its little head above the wet ground.



OCTOBER

Grieve O ye Autumn Winds
 Summer lies low;
 The rose's trembling leaves will
 soon be shed,
 For she that loved her so,
 Alas! is dead,
 And one by one her loving
 children go.
 Adelaide. Procter.



p4/cmc/175

NOVEMBER

I love thee, Autumn, for the
scenery, ere
The blasts of winter chase the
varied dyes
That richly deck the slow
declining year;
I love the splendour of thy
Sunset skies,
The gorgeous hues that tinge
each falling leaf.
Hoffman.

p42cmc175

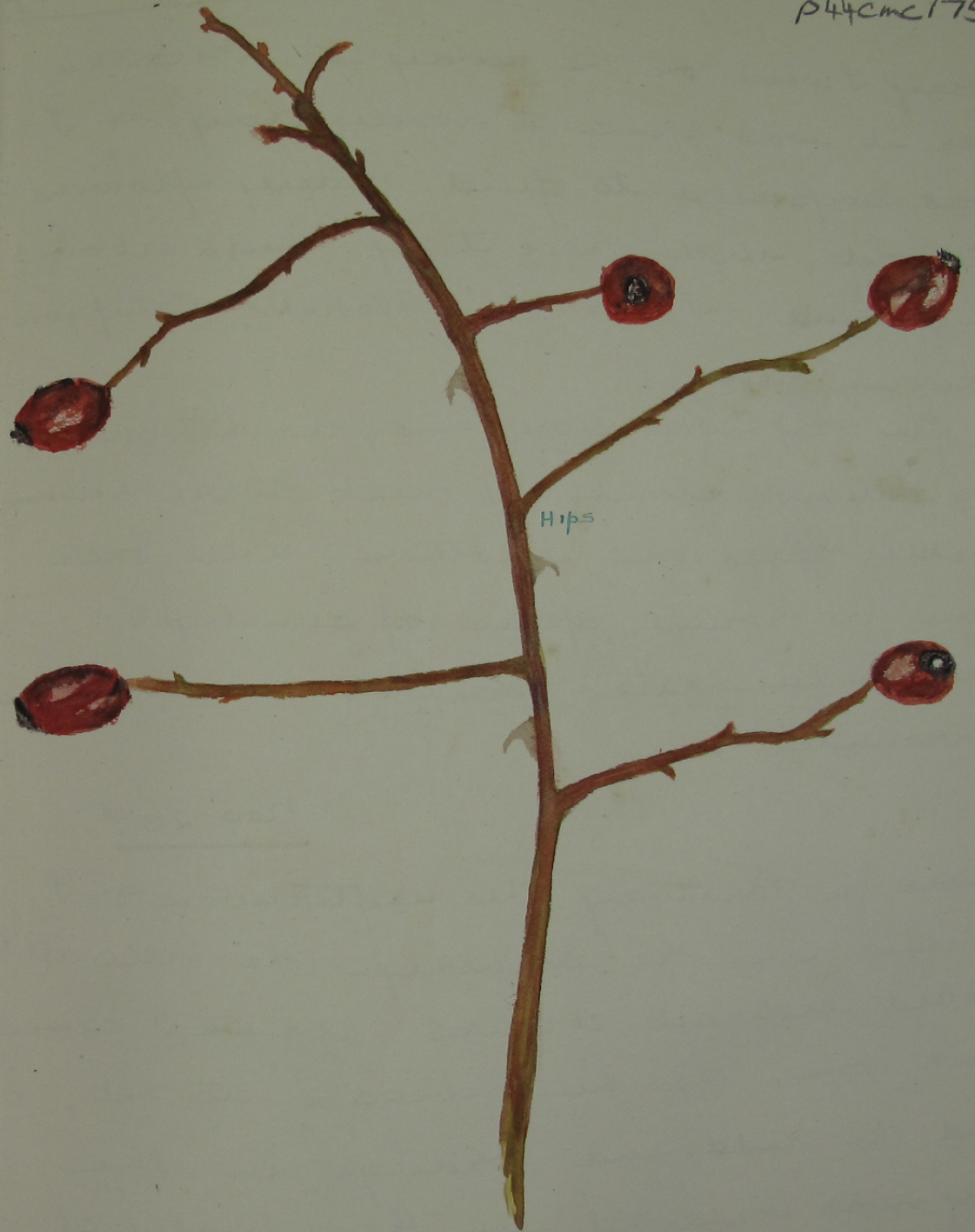


p43cmc175



COMMON.
FUMINTORY.

p44cmc175



Hips

P45Cmc175

November 29th

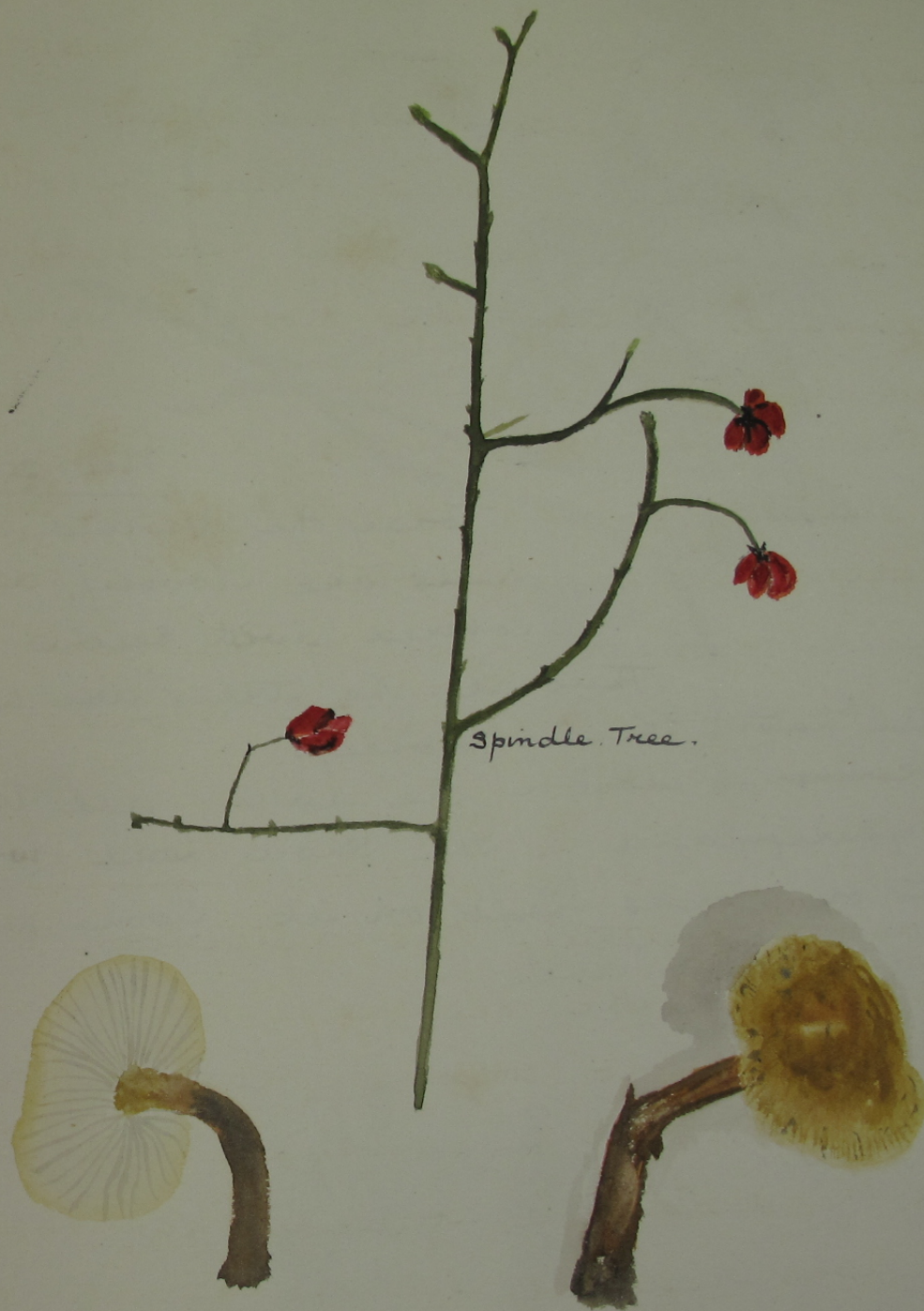
Today I went on the way to Kirkstone Pass, it was quite a lovely day, & I was surprised to find many flowers still out, with their tiny heads above the ground. I saw Herb Robert, Campion & several others.

The sky was gorgeous, as the sun was shining, clouds of mist were running quickly past one another, and once I saw a round space of sunlight over the Langdales way, & clouds surrounded it.

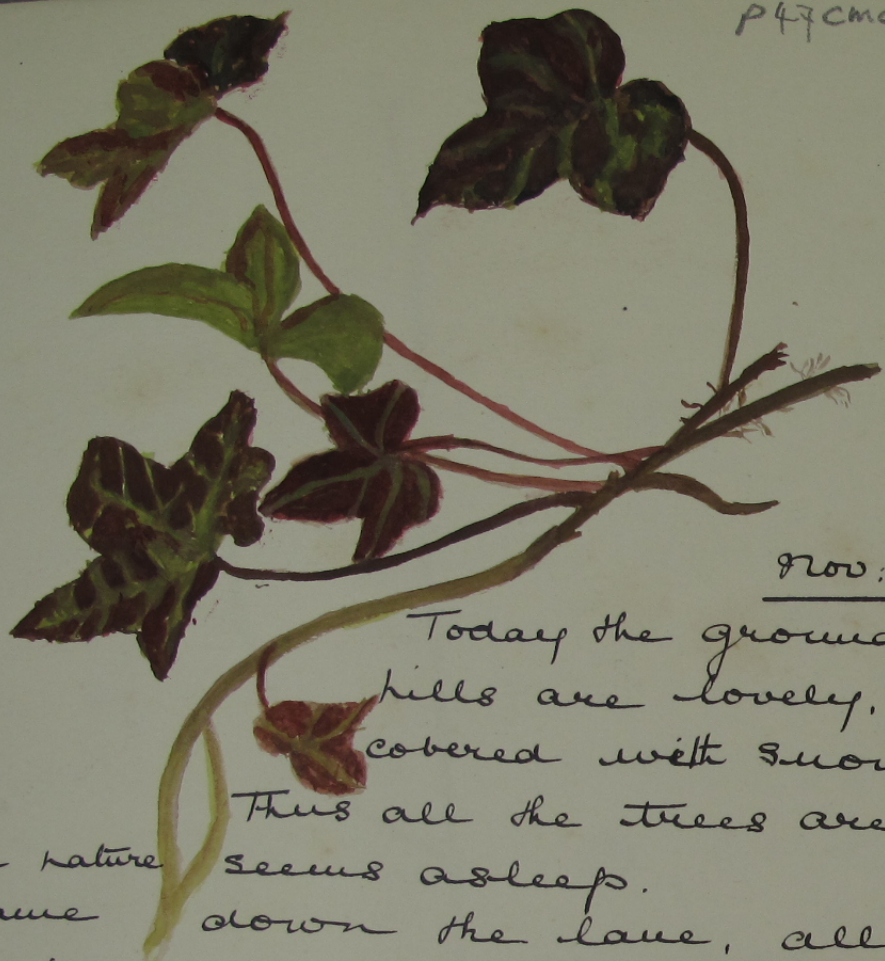
Nov: 23rd

I was in Brathay this afternoon & I revelled in the scenery - the hills all looked different colours. As we came back home, the sun began to set, and the red & orange in the sky was reflected in the water of the Brathay.

P46Cmc175



P47cmcl75



Nov: 29th

Today the ground and hills are lovely, all covered with snow.

Thus all the trees are white and all nature seems asleep. As I came down the lane, all looked like fairland. The snow had wild prints or marks left on it. Some were circles & some arcs.



P48cmcl75



The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year
Of wailing winds, & naked woods
and meadows brown & sere
Heaped in the hollows of the grove
The autumn leaves heaped

They rustle to the eddying gust, &
to the rabbit's tread;
The robin and the wren are flown, &
from the shrubs, the jay
and from the wood-tops calls the
crow through all the gloomy
day.

William Bryant.

December Noon

P49 cmc175

a silver sky, a dale of sallow shades
of plough-land sepias & stubble fawns
of woodland russets, pierced by tattered
glades
and flanked by melancholy, sodden lawns

a leaden river, silent, full & wide,
a fringe of bulrushes at either edge;
and stealing through the reeds, as though
to hide,
an otter, trailing bubbles, in the sedge.

a month that's moping, & a year that's old
and groping feebly to its coming
doom.
Yet though the breeze blows desolately cold
a streak of mirth is pencilled on
the gloom

a sparkling melody, a jaunty jig,
a liquid trill, ingenuous & coy,
as robin carols from a leafless twig
his microscopic madrigal of joy.

Who is this, by?

P50 cmc175

lichen, and mosses (though these
last in their luxuriance are
deep and rich as herbage, yet
both for the most part humblest
of the green things that live), -
how of these meek creatures!
The first mercy of the earth,
veiling with hushed softness
its diuturn rocks; creatures
full of pity, covering with
strange and tender honour
the scarred disgrace of ruin -
They will not be gathered,
like the flowers, for chaplet or
love-token; but of these the
wild ^{bird} will make its nest,
and the wearied child
his pillow.

J A N U A R Y

Oh for the light of the young spring
 hours,
 As they dance from the dewy east!
 And oh, for the breath of the
 bending flowers,
 Where the butterfly holds his feast!
 For I weary to death of the
 winter cold,
 And the snow so ghostly white.
 from "The Afterglow."



P53cmcl75

Though now no more the musings rare
Delights to listen to the treeys,

I love thee Winter! well.

For nature soon, in Spring's best charms,
Shall rise revived from winter's grave

Expand the bursting bud again

And bid the flower re-bloom

Southerly.

Bite, frost, bite!

Upon roll up away from the light
The blue woodlouse, & the plump dormouse
And the bees are stilled, & the flies are killed,
And upon bite far into the heart of
the house,

But not into mine.

Tennyson.

P54cmcl75

With a face looking either way
January, the middle month of
winter, holds Autumn with
one hand and Spring with
the other; a queer empty kind
of month, when Nature seems
to let things alone, and,
between the balanced
attractions of either season
to stand, in cold neutrality,
aloof. The impatient Spring
may hazard a week of
untimely warmth, and the
sparrow, ever ready to be
tempted, turn him, anxious
to domestic joys.

Alder.



F

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All Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair—

The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—

And Winter, slumbering in the open air,

Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

The earth is so bleak and deserted,

So cold the north winds blow,

That no bud or no blossom will venture

To peep from below;

But, longing for springtime, they nestle

Deep under the snow.

Adelaide Procter.

There is a flower, a little flower,

With silver crest and

golden eye,

That welcomes every changing

hour,

And weathers every sky.

It smiles upon the lap of May

lights pale October on his way

and twines December's arms.

J. Montgomery.



Feb: 6th

p57cmc175

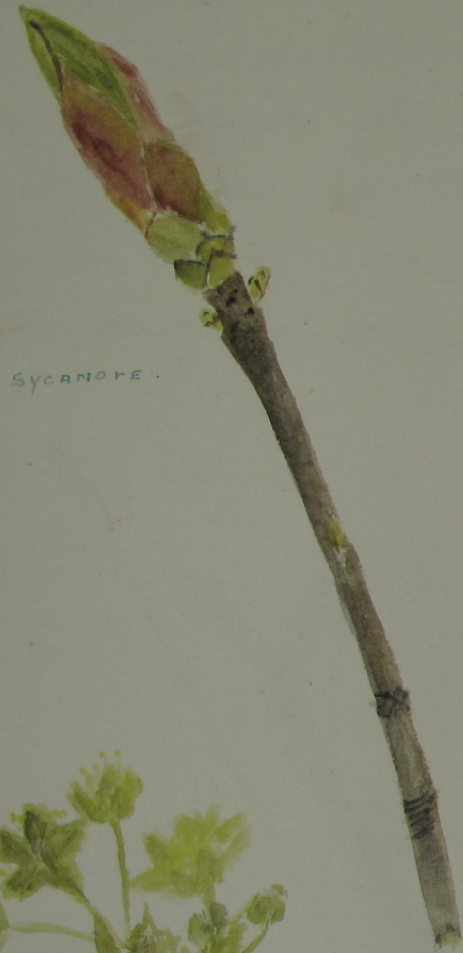
This morning, I saw a squirrel in the garden, we followed it, to try and get near, and it ran as fast as possible with its tail straight out behind: then up a tree, and jumped on to another one.



p58cmc175



p59cmc175



SYCAMORE



SYCAMORE



p60cmc175



Coltsfoot

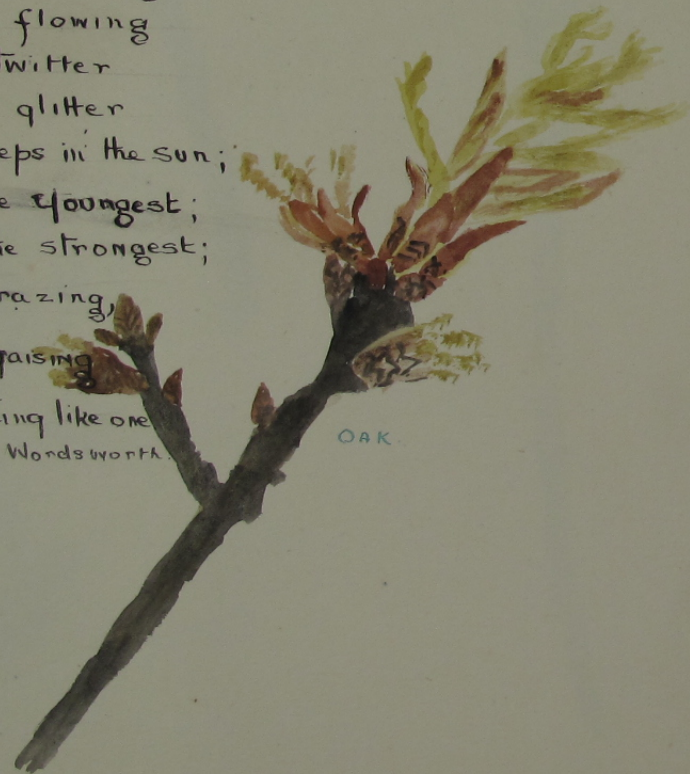


LESSER
CELENDINE

MARCH

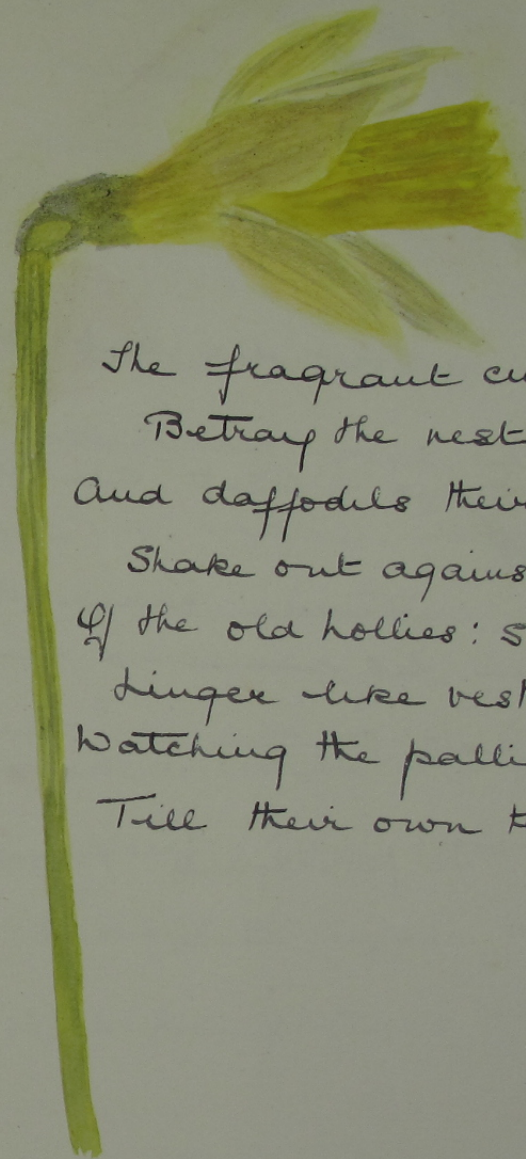
The cock is crowing
 The stream is flowing
 The small birds twitter
 The lake doth glitter
 The green field sleeps in the sun;
 The oldest and the youngest;
 Are at work with the strongest;
 The cattle are grazing,
 Their heads never raising
 There are forty feeding like one

William Wordsworth



Sous le pied rugueux des
 chênes touffus,
 la mousse répand un reflet
 diffus
 De pâle émeraude;
 et sur quelques fleurs, par
 vols lent et lourds
 d'incertain bourdon, au corps
 de velours,
 étincelle et rôde.

Daffodil



The fragrant cushions of the moss
 Betray the nestling violet's bloom
 And daffodils their golden gloss
 Shake out against the shining gloom
 Of the old hollies: Snowdrops still
 linger like vestals, pure & chill
 Watching the pallid primrose fire
 Till their own tender lives
 expire.

Beech.

Sous les arbres verts, sous les
arbres noirs
Dans l'éclat du jour ou l'ombre
des soirs

J'aime errer sans trêve.
Parmi les rameaux emplit de chansons
Le vent passe et meurt en vagues
frissons:

Je poursuis mon rêve.

The winter's voice may fiercely sound,
And madly rage the blast;
The ice and snow lie strewn around—
Yet Spring will come at last.

The earth will wake all fresh & green
Scarce knowing what has passed,
And with a happy, joyful mien,
Smile to the heavens at last.

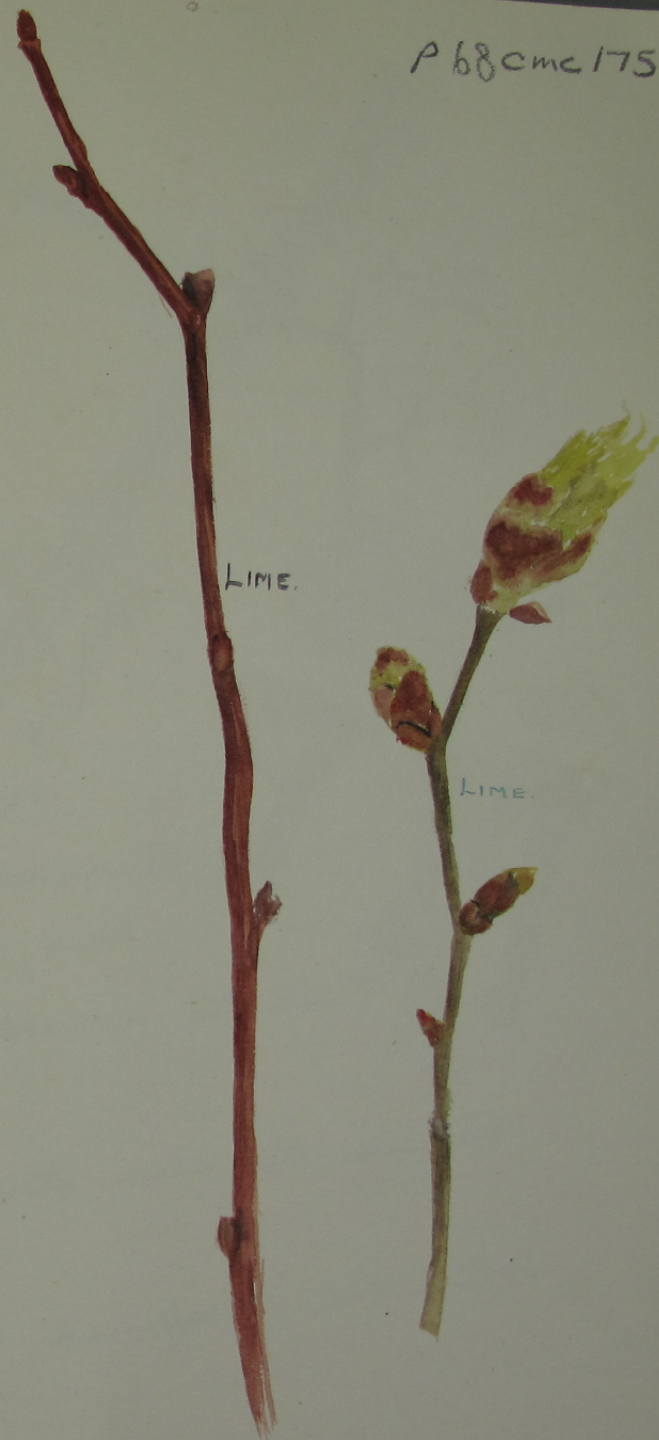
all garlanded with blossoms sweet,
whose scent can never cloy,
Whilst brooklets ripple round her feet.
Like sparkling tears of joy.

and shouldst thou oft grow cold with fear
Joy seem for ever past—
Remember, this and every year,
God sends the Spring at last.

P 67 cmc 175

The Spring is coming round - the buds
 have burst,
 And on the coppice-path, & in the bower
 The leaping spray of sunlight leaf-inwrought
 Sports to the gentle bidding of the breeze:
 The full-blown primroses, and playfully
 The tender drooping wood anemones
 Toss to the breeze in turn their
 Silver bells.

P 68 cmc 175



p69cme175



APRIL

Oh! to be in England
 now that April's there
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware
 That the lowest boughs & the
 brushwood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in
 tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the
 orchard bough
 In England, now!

p70cme175



April 22nd
 Today we went up Jenkins Crag,
 to try & find some fresh flowers
 out. We noticed how everything
 had improved during the holidays.
 We saw the little Wood Sorrel
 everything with sweet little
 flowers around, the anemones &
 violets.

On the way up we happened
 to look over the wall & found
 Sweet Cicely in full flower.
 The trees are not coming out
 very fast; but the Ash buds are
 huge this year.

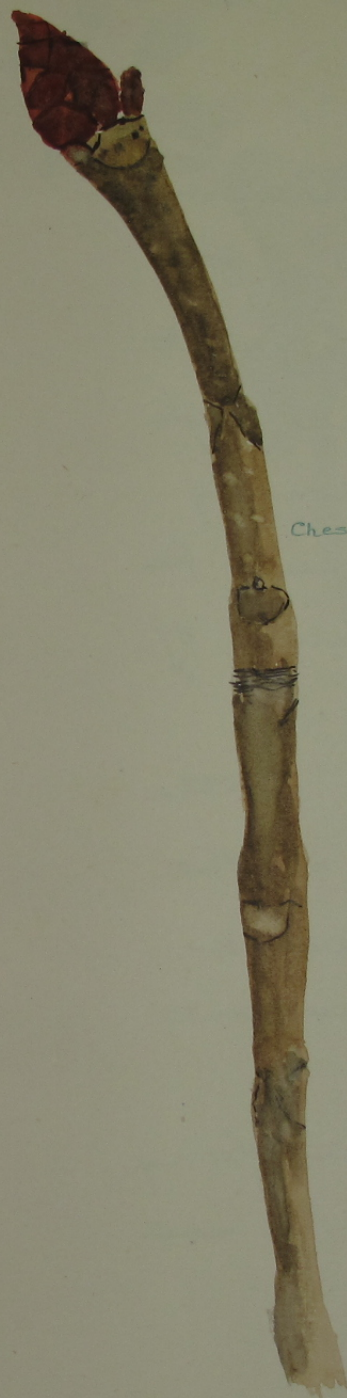
Coming through the wood home,
 we found after hunting much
 one of the Herb Paris out. Garlic
 is in bud, also the bluebells,
 but we could not find either in
 flower. We then found the
 wild currant & Stutchwort in full
 flower.





P 73Cmc 175

Chestnut



Chestnut



P 74Cmc 175

Chestnut

P75cmc175

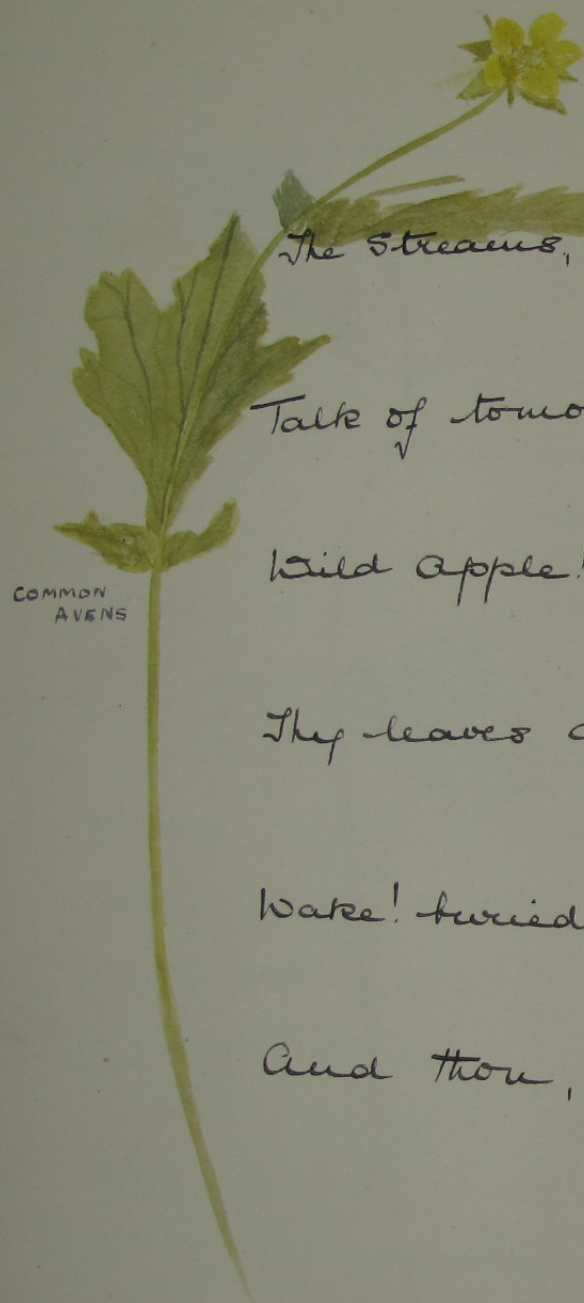
Today we went up Sweden Bridge to watch birds. We saw three magpies fly past. I watched a bird very high up in a tree, wondering what it was, but when he flew the saw the yellow of the yellow hammer.

There were many little wrens hopping about, & the dear little Willow Warbler with his white chest & front, & faint song.

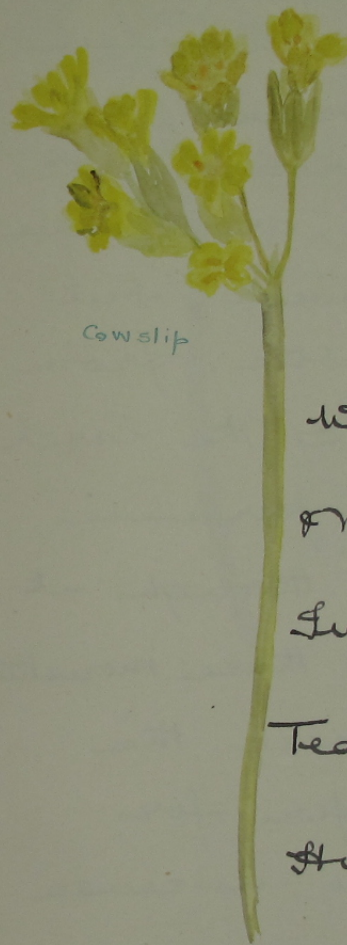
The Chaffinch has a long song, drawled out at the end in a high pitch.

P76cmc175





The Streams, rejoiced that winter's
work is done.
Talk of tomorrow's cowslips as
they run.
Wild Apple! thou art bursting
into bloom;
Thy leaves are coming, snowy
blossomed thorn!
Wake! buried lily! spirit, quit
thy tomb;
And thou, shade loving hyacinth
be born.



Bright & glorious is that
revelation
Written all over this great
world of ours;
Making evident our own
creation,
In these stars of earth, these
golden flowers
Teaching us, by most persuasive
reasons
How akin they are to
human beings.
Longfellow

There are balmy days in mid April, when the whole garden is fragrant with briar.

Passing upward through the copse the warm air draws an odour almost as sweet, but infinitely more subtle, from the fresh leafage of the larch gives a delightful perfume and it seems as though it were the office of these mountain trees, already nearest the High Heaven, to offer for their new life an incense of praise. G. Jeayll.

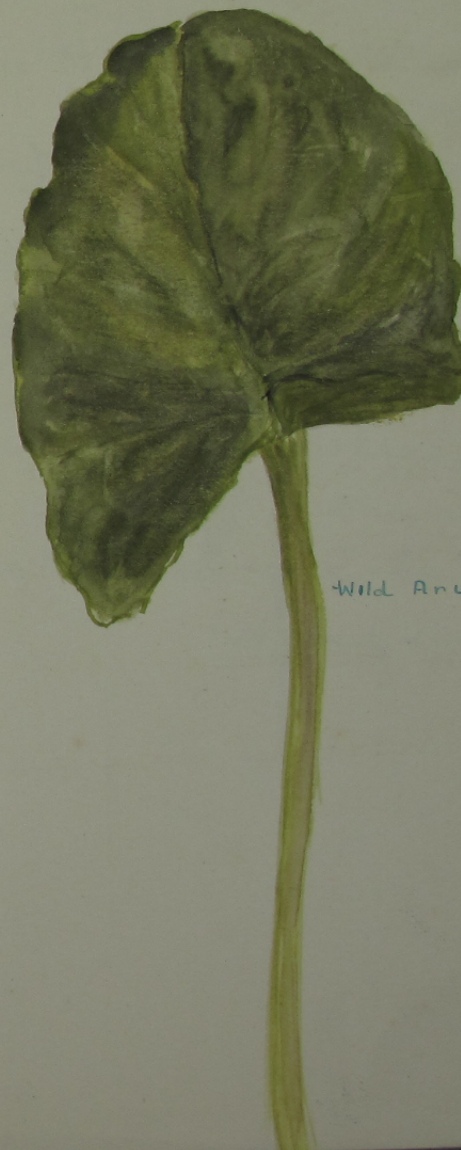


MAY

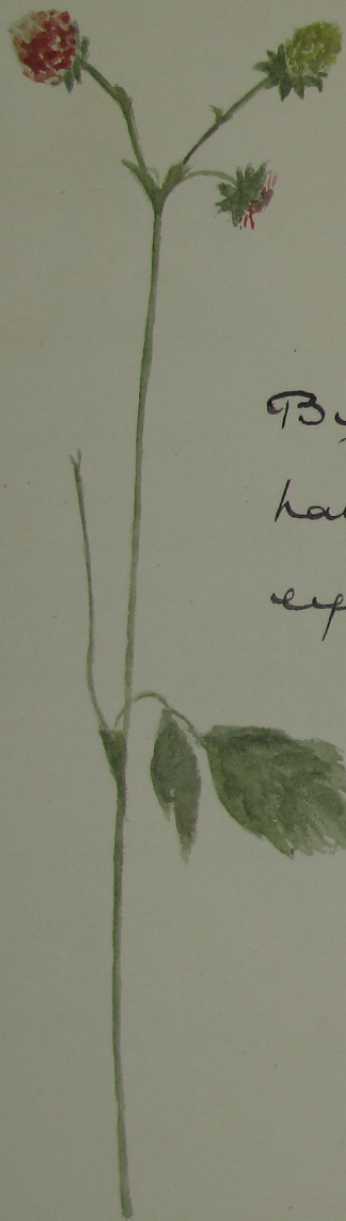
Of everie moneth in the yere,
 To mirthful May there is no peire,
 Her glistring garments are so gay;
 Her lovaris all make herie cheir,
 Throuch gladness of this lusty May.
 Old Ballad.



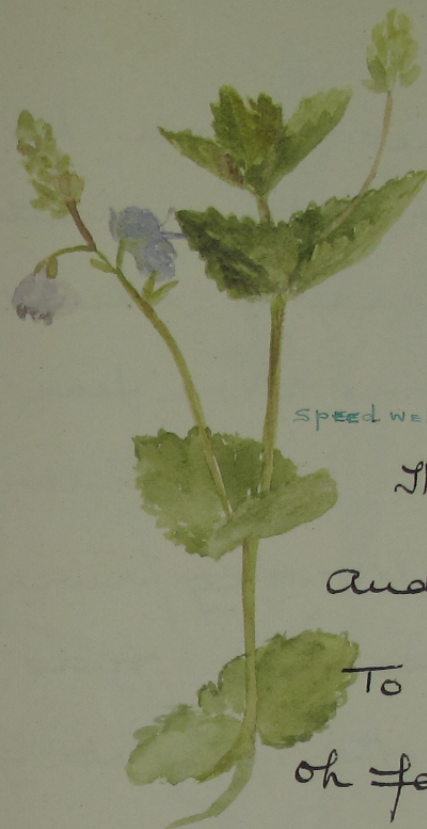
Lord &
Ladies



Wild Arum.



By May-day the Scales
have fallen from the
eyes of every branch.



Speed well.

Then to thy task, thou favoured
flower
And if thy simple charms
have power
To win the glance of her I
love
Oh faithful to thy errand prove
Say far or near, where'er
She dwell
My prayer shall ever be,
"Speed well."

p85cmc175

Sometimes the linnet piped his song:
Sometimes the throstle whistled strong
Sometimes the sparrowhawk, wheel'd along,
Hushed all the groves from fear of wrong
By grassy capes with fuller sound
In curves the yellowing river ran,
And drooping chestnut-buds began
To spread into the perfect fan,
Above the teeming ground.

p86cmc175



Bulbous.
Buttercup.

P87cmc 175

against her ankles as she trod
The lucky buttercups did nod,
I leaped upon the gate to see;
The sweet thing looked but did
not speak:
A dimple came in either cheek,
And all my heart was gone
from me.
Jean Ingelow.

P88cmc 175

